SUB inglés

From the books that we have read And in the face of every criminal

Fill in the gaps

At The Bottom Of Everything by Bright Eyes

| So there was this woman | Strapped firmly to a chair |
|--|---|
| And she was on an airplane | We must stare, we must stare, we must stare |
| And she was flying to meet her fiance | We must (4) all of the medicines |
| Seaming high above the | Too expensive now to sell |
| The largest ocean on planet Earth | Set fire to the preacher who is promising us hell |
| And she was sitting next to this man | And in the ear of every anarchist |
| Who you know she had tried | That sleeps but doesn't dream |
| To start conversations | We must sing, we must sing, we must sing |
| And the only thing she had really heard him say | It'll go like this, all right |
| Was to order his bloody Mary | While my mother waters plants |
| And she's sitting there | My father loads his gun |
| And she's reading this really arduous magazine article | He says: "death will give us back to God |
| About a Third World country that she can't | Just like the setting Sun |
| Even pronounce the name of and | Is return to the (5) ocean" |
| She is feeling | And then they splashed into the deep blue sea |
| Very bored, and very despondent | Oh, it was a wonderful splash |
| And then (um) suddenly | We must blend into the choir |
| There was this huge mechanical failure | Sing ecstatic with the whole |
| And one of the engines (1) out | We (6) memorize (7) number |
| And they started, just, falling | And (8) we have a soul, |
| Thirty-thousand feet | And in this endless race for property |
| The pilot is on the microphone and he | And (9) to be won |
| He's saying "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, oh my God | We must run, we must run, we must run |
| I'm sorry" and apologizing | We must hang up in the belfry |
| And she looks at the man and she says | Where the bats and moonlight laugh |
| She says she says: "where are we going?" | We must stare into a crystal ball |
| And (um) he looks at her | And only see the past |
| And he says | And in the caverns of tomorrow |
| "We're going to a party | With just our flashlights and our love |
| It's a birthday party | We must plunge, we must plung, we must plunge |
| It's your birthday party, happy birthday darling | And then we'll get down there |
| We love you very, very, very | Way down to the very bottom of everything |
| Very, very, very much" | And then we'll see it |
| And then (um) he starts humming this little tune | Oh we'll see it, we'll see it, we'll see it! |
| And, it kind of goes (2) this | Oh my morning's coming back |
| Is (3) of: 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4 | The whole world's waking up |
| We must talk in every telephone | All the city buses (10) past |
| Get eaten off the web | I'm happy just because |
| We must rip out all the epilogues | I found out I am really no one |



- 1. gave
- 2. like
- 3. kind
- 4. take
- 5. lonesome
- 6. must
- 7. nine
- 8. deny
- 9. privilege
- 10. swimming

Fill in the gaps